Fragmenta Carceris:
OR,
The KINGS-BENCH SCUFFLE;
WITH THE
HUMOURS of the COMMON-SIDE.

THE
KINGS-BENCH LITANY.
AND
The Legend of Duke HUMPHREY.

By *Samuel Speed*, a Member of that Royal Society.

LONDON, Printed by *J. C.* for *S. S.* and sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. 1674.

To his worthy Friends, the ingenious Gentlemen-Priſoners, within the Confines of the *KINGS-BENCH.*

SIRS,

SInce the People of the World imagine ye to be Priſoners; I ſhall endeavour to offer my inſtructions how you may convince them of their Errors: Study how to be Content; ſo though you change your place, your Fortunes are the ſame; ye alter the habitation of your Bodies, for the better enjoying the tranquillity of your minds. He is truly Noble, that knows how to rejoyce in Croſſes, as well as in Contents; that will not think of Deſperation, nor be urged with Impatience. The Body of a wiſe man, is a Houſe unto the Soul; but to the ignorant, a Priſon: for the diſcontented man is a ſlave to his own humours, and a Priſoner in a double ſenſe. Nor can the Soul of a diſcreet man be confined, more than the windy breath of *Boreas*; or as eaſie is it to ſhut up the bright beams of light within a Chryſtal. No Priſon in the world, be it famous, or infamous, can be ſo deep, as to bury; ſo dark, as to blind; ſo ſtrait, ſo crooked, ſo narrow, as to bind the Genius of a wiſe man: for wiſdom is the wing of the Soul, that bears it not only out of Priſon, but to all the parts of the Terreſtrial Globe. A continuation of which happineſs, is heartily wiſhed by

(GENTLEMEN)

Your Friend and Servant,

Samuel Speed.

On his Friend Mr. SAMUEL SPEED, and his KINGS-BENCH SCUFFLE.

ARE Priſons now made Offices of Wit?
'Tis more than ſtrange, but true that thou haſt writ
Without the help of Books, as if for th' nonce
Fate did decree that thou ſhouldſt ſtudy ſtones.
Couldſt thou not find a truſting Ariſtotle?
Nothing to feed thy Muſe, but Bub *and* Bottle?
Yet thy ſmooth lines carry ſuch gentle ſtrains,
That not torment, but recreate the brains.
In Writings certainly thoſe beſt muſt be,
That freely ſuit with each capacity.
What can Encomiums *add unto thy Fame,*
Since thou haſt got a monumental Name
Left by thy Grandſire, one that will out-laſt
The iron teeth of Time, or Fames loud blaſt?
His Chronicle's a Pyramid to thee,
And thou art Great, though Speeds Epitome.

WILLIAM SHELDEN.

THE

THE Kings-Bench SCUFFLE.

IT is not of the force of Bulls,
Or of thoſe Heroes break their Skulls
I'th' *Bear-garden*, nor elſe of Trulls,
as *Phillis*,
Chloris, the faireſt Nymphs as may
Be pick't up in a Summers day,
By Gallants that adore an *A-*
marillis.
Nor do I ſing of Butter-flies,
Or of the ſcreeks, and horrid cryes
Of dying Pigs, or chatt'ring Pyes:
for know ye,
To hag my Muſe at ſuch a rate,
Would make me with my ſelf debate;
For too too much is ſuch a ſtate
below me.

But mind my Tale ye Champions all,
For I am to relate a Brawl,
The like did never yet befall
in *Kings-Bench.*

It lately hapned th'other day,
That there began a horrid fray,
And 'twas about (as people ſay)
a thing's wench,

So mean a Rat, that you'd have ſwore,
His Jade muſt be a *Common Whore,*
Or ſhe'd nere fancy ſuch a Boar-
iſh Fellow.

But ſay the Girl was *Whore* enough,
And ſtrongly ſmelt of Kitchin-ſtuff,
Yet ſhe had Vizard-mask, and Muff
was yellow.

To ſet her perſon forth would be
A task of ſmall felicity;
Nor need it, ſince they did agree
to love well.

Though ſome would call the Lady *Punk,*
Some hold their Noſe as if ſhe ſtunk,
Yet theſe two Lovers would be drunk
above well.

One

One time unhappily it chanc't,
That ſome upon her Credit danc't,
At which her brisk Gallant he pranc't
profoundly;
VVith Pots, and Pipes, he made retreat,
VVith all his force to do the feat;
He flung, and did another beat
moſt ſoundly.

The Flaggons flew about amain,
Much blood was ſpilt, but no man ſlain;
So that the *Scuffle* was in vain,
as ſeemeth.

But one more ſtout than all beſide,
Look't round about, and then he ſpy'd
One ſleeping, but with honour cry'd,
He dreameth.

From whence the world may underſtand
There's thoſe are ſtout, but can command
Their paſſions with the beſt o'th' Land:
for know it,

If any he dare be ſo fell,
Raſhly to fight in hopes to quell,
Fame's Trumpet won't the ſtory tell,
nor blow it.

Nor is't my place to iſſue forth
The Actions of an unknown Birth,
Though all his Deeds they may be worth
Rehearſal.
Then let us ſing thoſe praiſes due,
Which from his Valour did accrue;
'Tis pity but they ſhould be U-
niverſal.
He that has Rambled through the Halls
O'th' City, ſlept upon its Stalls,
Behold! 'tis he, the ſtony Walls
environ;
As if they did deſign their Jarrs
Should be more cruel than our Wars,
Who call to their aſſiſtance Bars
of Iron.
And well they might with reaſon too,
If my Intelligence be true,
For all (God knows) had much ado
to hold him.
How then ſhall I deſcribe this Man,
VVhoſe Deeds a Volume cannot ſpan?
And in my thoughts, there's no man can
unfold him.

In ſhort, ſome ſtories flew about,
(For in the end the truth will out)
And thoſe did make his Miſtriſs pout,
and frown too;
VVith indignation then ſhe ſwore,
She'd be reveng'd of Rogue, or VVhore,
Counted her ſins, and made the ſcore
abound too.
VVith Prince, or Peaſant, Lord, or Earl,
I venture dare or Gold or Pearl,
They never met with ſuch a Girl
for Valour:
A Girl, and thereby hangs a tail,
Although perhaps 'twas ſomewhat ſtale,
Her tongue I'm ſure could all out-tail.
And taller
This our Girl was; yet i'de be loth
For her to lye, or uſe an Oath,
For Nature did her part by both,
ſo be it.
This Age produces thoſe as bold,
Majeſtick, ſtrong, or thoſe can ſcold,
As former Ages did of old,
we ſee it.

The

The man with ſilence had incag'd
His ſoul, but now he was enrag'd,
And valiantly he would have wag'd
his tatling:
That whereas ſome her Honour ſmutcht,
(For ſuch like words he alwayes grutcht
To hear) that none of them had toucht
her Twatling.
One that Pot-valiant was, ſtood by,
And without muſing, gave the Lye:
VVhat after hapned, by and by
will follow.
The woman reacht a neighb'ring Kan,
And flung't at's head; her loving man
To buffets fell, and all began
to hollow.
The woman, as in Duty bound,
Seeing him tumbled to the ground,
The other Heroe ſhe did ſound-
ly ſcratch him.
The humble man cry'd two to one
VVas odds, and ſo lay ſtill to groan;
And to ſay truth, her ſelf alone
would match him.

But

But ſince 'tis paſt, ſo much for that,
Now let's ſome other ſubject chat,
Not of ſome Chit, or little Brat,
but Tall-man.
But Reader, this obſerve, take heed
How you with Gyant deal your ſpeed;
For it may chance to coſt indeed
a fall man.
Have you not heard of *Warwick's Guy*,
That ſlew a world when none were by,
And can ye then forbear to cry
'tis pity?
But why do we diſcourſe of one,
As if he merited alone?
The *Greeks* it was that made to groan
a City.
The ſplendid *Troy* was made forlorn,
Like *Sampſon's* Foxes in the Corn,
Each merry Greek exalted horn,
to burn 'em.
By merry Greeks the learned mean
Fat Uſurers, that are obſcene,
And ſay they'll make their *Debtors lean*,
to turn 'em.

Thus

Thus as advis'd by *Hudibras*,
One line for Rime muſt this time paſs,
For ſenſe the other: for alas
you know well,
We erring Mortals ſometime ſpeak
Or Non-ſenſe, Latin, or pure Greek,
And Trees too have a ſilent ſqueek,
ſayes *Howell.*
But why do we digreſs ſo wide?
Hark how they roar o'th' *Common*
For to be poor is all their pr[illegible],
a[illegible]erry.
And who more blith than they are there?
They drink and ſing to baniſh care,
For they are mad becauſe they ſpare
the Sherry.
And well they may, for when they get it,
Their ſtomacks are ſo ſharply whetted,
The VVine would ſurely be befretted
at thee Boyes;
For I have heard 'em make their moan,
When Ale would give 'em leave to groan,
Such Liquor ſure was made alone
for we Boyes.

The

The Cellar you may note is dark,
And each ones eye doth ſeem to ſpark-
Cle; ev'ry minute ecchoes, Hark,
a Taper.
The light's come in to eaſe their thrall,
Commanded by the chief of all,
Whom we in vulgar terms do call
Ale-draper.
When brought and on the Table ſat,
A Ceremony they begat
In Complements; but note each Hat
was pawned.
But *Jack* let's drink, a fart for Foe,
We'll drench the Cellar, then we'll go;
Faith come, a match, cry all, and ſo
they yawned.
Sayes one, Let's ſcorn to think of wealth;
A ſecond drinks his Sov'raigns health,
And that goes round, for none by ſtealth,
forſake it.
Drink round, cryes one, Boy drink agen,
The Act will pay our Debts; for when
We're quite undone, we'll jointly then
go take it.

A League is made, and all are Friends,
With promiſes to make amends;
For no man there hath private ends,
they ſcorn it.
Their Liquor that is ſound and ſtrong,
And when there's one that doth prolong
The drinking, this is all their Song,
Come horn it.
Up with't, another cryes, Nay, piſh
Man, pull away, and give's the Diſh;
For ſuch delayes will catch no Fiſh:
Drink clear Boy.
If I had ſtowage like a VVhale,
Oh I could tell thee ſuch a Tale,
I'd live on only Smoke and Ale,
and Beer Boy.
Then on the Cup he layes his fang,
And doth it to his Neighbour bang,
VVith--*Let our Creditors go hang*
I ſay men.
They all their Contribution pay,
And kill with Curſes every way;
And in concluſion each doth ſay
to't *Amen.*
Their

Their Coyn and Credit being crack't,
They all conclude it is no Fact
To ſwear according to the Act,
a ſtout Book.
To that 'tis time to liſt an ear,
Their Oaths by Rote they will forbear,
For they too long were us'd to ſwear
without-book.
Nor are they there ſo void of bliſs,
But they can eat, and eating piſs;
For nothing there can come amiſs
to many.
Sometimes no Knife they have perhaps,
However there are bones and ſcraps
Are ready carv'd to fit the chaps
of any.
VVhen Din'd, they to the Cellar run;
Sayes one, Come Brother, charge your Gun;
Here's Smoke, there's none beneath the Sun
can mend it.
His Pipe he fills, and all the reſt,
Not one did ſeem with grief oppreſt,
And each did like a welcome Gueſt
attend it.

There's no man's Soul but's large and wide,
They're free, though freedom is deni'd;
From thence 'tis call'd the *Common Side*: for all things
In common lie, and are diſperſ-
Ed ſo, I cannot well rehearſe
It in the compaſs of a Verſe: Nor ſmall things
Are there ſo much as thought upon;
Their Creditors though hard as ſtone,
Whil'ſt theſe are ſinging, ſigh and groan, No matter.
They're fools that think a Priſon payes;
And while they keep their ſtrict delayes,
They do themſelves (inſtead of praiſe) beſpatter.
They're mad-men wont be Pris'ners there,
For each ones life is void of care;
Of food they have enough to ſpare their Debtors.
Their Charities are grown ſo large,
Though Rowers ſome in Boat, or Barge,
They'll ſtay themſelves, but they'll diſcharge Abettors.

But

But now a miſchief draweth nigh ;
Tobacco here is, one doth cry,
But it will ſurely make us dye
the quicker,
If thus we eat, and ſmoke without
Some moiſture : Hogs that feed on Grout,
And are but Swine, yet they no doubt
have Liquor.
One being drunk, could not collogue,
But plainly gave his gen'rous vogue,
Pox on 'em all that ſent this *Rogue*
among us;
Theſe curſed tricks he'll never lin,
Till he payes dearly for his ſin ;
'Stead of *Virginia*, he brings in
Mundungus.
I have two half-pence, ſayes the next ;
Another much with paſſion vext,
But yet a man was hugely dext-
rous frothing,
Cry'd, I've been cutting Pegs all day,
VVhil'ſt others at the Grate did pray,
And as it ſeemeth by my fay
for nothing.

Come

Come, ſince we are all bare of Chink,
This *Moveable* ſhall purchaſe Drink,
Here's a *Crevat*, my honeſt Skinker draw ſome:
But let it be the beſt, for know,
VVe mean to pay before we go;
Let not your Drink, dear honeſt *Jo*, be nauſome.
Two pots of Beer were ſtraitway brought,
And drank they were, as ſoon as caught;
That had you ſeen 'em, you'd have thought 'em Monſters.
However each one did abhor
To be at leaſt behind-hand, or
Dirty; for know, they car'd not for miſconſters.
My *Hat* (cryes one) will yield Two pots,
To which agree the other Sots;
For they moſt freely take their lots as can be.
The laſt man drank the bottom up;
VVith that, ſayes one, I'll have a ſup
(Out of a far more chearful Cup) of Brandy.

To

To purchaſe half a Pint of that,
His *Coat* was lodg'd with th' others Hat;
The Brandy came, and laid 'em flat
as Flounders.
But by and by they roſe again,
And with one voyce they all complain,
That they muſt be (or *Tapſter* ſlain)
compounders.
You *Rogue*, ſayes one, with Carrots ſandy,
You brought us damn'd confounded Brandy;
Another call'd him *Jack-a-dandy*;
A third man
Swore at him, call'd him ſomething too,
And ſaid, *he'd beat him black and blew*:
He ſcornfully replying, *You*,
A Turd man.
VVith that a Scuffle did begin,
Nor was there one that car'd a pin
For broken Pate, or maimed Shin,
which you know
Is common in ſuch Feuds as theſe;
'Tis better (than to fight) t' appeaſe,
And far more wholeſom for ones eaſe,
by *Juno.*

A pewter flagon, not of Lead,
VVas ſtraitway flung at *Tapſters* head;
But miſt, or elſe he had been dead
o'th' ſudden.
The *Tapſters* courage now was ſtung,
And ſearching all the food among,
VVith might and main he ſtoutly flung
a Pudden.
'Twas little leſs than ſcalding hot,
One that by order he had got
For ſome that greas'd the Porridge-pot
when able.
And truly I my ſelf did wiſh
For that, above the butter'd fiſh,
As being held the better Diſh
o'th' Table.
But all were good, for they were dreſt
Not as a dinner, but a feaſt,
VVhen each man is a welcome Gueſt
on High-dayes.
Nor is my zeal ſo nicely freſh,
To raiſe diſputes 'tween Leg and Leaſh,
For I can eat, or fiſh, or fleſh,
on *Fridayes*.

Another

Another flung with all his might
An *Artichoke*, but aim'd not right;
For miſſing *Tapſter*, ſmote the ſight
of woman,
Or wife to one among the Crew,
Although the Company all knew
Her well, and that ſhe would be true
to no man.
However ſhe with batter'd face
VVhen wip't, began to open caſe:
People, *quoth ſhe*, if this diſgrace
ye ſuffer,
No woman ſhall henceforth appear,
To give her friend a Cup of Beer;
But ev'ry Raſcal that is here
will cuff her.
That blunt detracting word did gall
Not only one, but joyntly all,
That on the woman they befall
with ill words:
As you're a VVhore, a common Cheat,
Your tongue out of your head we'll beat.
One ſilent was, for he was eat-
ing *Phill-berds.*

But at the laſt this mighty Hub
Bub concluded in virtuous Bub,
As good as ever came from Tub,
or Barrel.

And *Reader*, if thou hadſt been there,
Thou needſt muſt have an equal ſhare
Of courage, that muſt boldly dare
to quarrel.

For to ſay true, I cannot tell,
But it may be the Muſes well,
Of which 'tis ſung, it doth excell
all others.

For they're of ſuch a jovial func-
Tion, that they'd drink until they ſtunk,
And ſwear they'd live and dye as Drunk-
en Brothers.

I oftentimes my ſelf have ſipt
Until my Legs each other tript,
And ſober Vermine call'd me tipt-
led Spend-thrift.

Among the reſt a ſmooth-fac't La-
Dy, call'd *Sempſtreſs*, did by my fay
Rebuke me, and I anſwer'd, *Ma-*
dam Mend-ſhift.

Tom

Tom Segar he more bold indeed,
Faſter than I my ſelf made ſpeed
All to be-whore her, till her Need-
le prickt her.
At which we did compaſſion take,
And only laught to ſee her quake;
For were it not for her bloods ſake,
We'd kickt her.
But were it not for Drink, the Smoke
Might very well the ſtouteſt choke;
And I obſerv'd it did provoke
to ſqutter.
For ſome ſtept forth, with faces blew,
To ſpit perhaps, or elſe to ſpew,
Returning with a ſmoothing hew
as Butter.
But let me not miſtake, for ſure
The Muſes never did inure
Themſelves to Smoke, or could endure
Tobacco.
But here the Parallel may hold,
Our Cellar's fill'd with Beer that's old;
But they would fuddle out their Gold
in *Sack* though.

The next in view, is man of Pegs;
If he can ſtand, will ſtretch his Legs,
Till reeling he has broke of Eggs
a flasket.
For there is good relief he knows,
Not in his Creditors, or Foes,
But in the ſcraps which overflows
the basket.
With theſe his eager paunch he fills,
Forgets his grace, and then he kills,
Not on his Trencher, thoſe are ills
beneath him.
But was it either Louſe or Flea,
Or both perhaps, as that may be,
It matters not, then thinketh he,
bequeath him
Unto his reſt I think it fit:
Then having eat the other bit,
He takes his Knife, and wipeth it
moſt cleanly,
But 'twas upon his Shooes or Hoſe,
Sometimes the inſide of his cloaths;
For Basket-victuals all men knows
is leanly.
How-

Howere the Fiſh was wondrous good,
Swimming all in a Butter-flood;
Nor could a mortal wiſh for food
much better.
But as 'twould vex a Dog to ſee
A Pudding creep, or go, or flee;
So you may judge it vexed me
the greater.
The names of this ſame Butter'd-fiſh
Were *Cods*, and *Maids*, both in a Diſh,
Moſt neatly laid, as heart could wiſh
they ſhould do.
By this ſame Diſh another ſtood;
Eſteem'd by all almoſt as good,
And any one might eat that woo'd,
and could too.
This was no *Counter-ſupper* fight,
Not courage that was ſhew'd at Night,
But ſuch as did by Day invite
thoſe ſinners
That came to make their mirth ſometimes
With Notes loud as St. *George*'s Chimes,
And knew the punctual hours and climes
for Dinners.

Now

Now *Mars* inſpire my buſie Muſe,
While I diſcourſe of Cuff and Bruiſe,
Such as this Age doth ſeldom uſe
to hear on.
The Table was bedeckt with Kan,
With Pots, and Diſhes; but one man
No ſooner ſate, but he began
to jeer on,
Reflecting on the *Tapſters* face,
Anon bemoans the womans caſe;
Both taking it for a diſgrace,
like Thunder
The Diſhes flie all at his head,
Who though a Captain as 'twas ſed,
Fill'd all the people (not b'ing dead)
with wonder:
One takes the Captains part with Mug
In hand, another with a Jug
Meets him, and they with Corniſh hug
do greet each.
But firſt about each others Pate
They broke their Pots, then in the ſtate
Of wreſtling, they at any rate
do beat each.
Their

Their number was ſome Twenty-ſix,
No one forbore to ſhew his Tricks,
But each does like a Maſtiff fix
on other.
The Room by this time ſwam with Drink,
With Fiſh, and Butter, not with Chink;
Whil'ſt each with might did ſtriving think
to Smother,
Stifle, or Drown his furious Foe;
For there 'tis known they made no moe
Of ſlipping when they could not go
i'th' Liquor.
That being Drunk before they were
So daſht againſt the Butts of Beer,
Some cryed out, *Oh I ſhall ne're*
be ſicker.
Some that beſt ſcap't, got up again,
Scratching their heads to eaſe their pain,
VVhil'ſt ſome do tipple up the main
ſo Aley,
That down they tumble in their fits,
Forſake the thoughts of eating bits;
For now alas their tender wits
cry *Vale.*

To

To ſtudy Plots is no deſigne
Of theirs, if they get Ale or VVine;
For they adore the Tub and Vine
ſo highly,
They tipple till their heads do ake,
And then their head and heels they ſhake;
Publick Devotions too they make
not ſlily.

VVhen any friend to viſit comes,
And ſends for VVine to whet their hums,
Their voyces ſound as loud as Drums
to *Bacchus*.
May that great God be bleſt, cry they,
That thus provides ſuch pleaſant VVhey,
Oh that his Vines for ever may
be-ſack us.

A *London* Citizen was wont
To quarrel with a ſilly---
Ryman, and he was daring blunt
as *Ellis*:
Of whom in ancient Story we
Read how the *Counter-Rats* agree;
That he moſt ſtoutly oft would flee
their Bellies.

The

The Countreyman howere was ſtout,
They boxt and boxt a ſecond bout,
Nor could all art make him give out
for won day.
It was acknowledg'd 'fore 'em all,
That there was neither great nor ſmall,
Like him could wreſt, or kick the Ball
on *Sunday*.
The flying Fiſh now marcht about,
Begreas'd and ſmote the Rabble-Rout;
The Tapſter had his eyes put out,
to thinking.
But when retreating from his ground,
He ſearcht with care the butter'd wound:
All people there then plainly found
him winking.
But yet the Fiſh did ſoundly palt,
And which was worſe, the Butter ſalt
Stole in his eyes by (as ſome call't)
a Bye-blow.
In wrath a piece of Beef juſt hot,
He reach't as taken from the Pot;
The Beef beſides alas had got
a Flie-blow.

The Dinner ended, ere it did
Begin; for men and meat were hid:
Some ſlept, as drunk; and ſome were fid-
dle fooling.
But not in wrath; for now the fray
Began each ſpirit to allay,
And thoſe moſt hot were ſtept away
for cooling.
But ſome more wiſe than all the reſt,
Though thinking to have ſpoke in jeſt,
Cry out, My friends, but where's the feaſt
ſo pleaſant?
With that each doth his corner ſearch;
One that above the reſt was arch,
Produces a moſt lovely *Pearch*
and *Pheaſant.*
Another cryes, See here you Thief,
Here's that will give us all relief;
It was indeed a piece of *Beef*
with *Muſtard.*
Still as they ſearcht, they ſomething found,
Enough to make freſh healths go round;
One finds be-batter'd on the ground
a *Cuſtard.*

One

One finds a Fiſh all black as Sut,
Another finds an Eel whoſe Gut
Was trod to nought, and all the But-
ter vaniſht.
Well, now they left their humours mad,
They all ſhook hands, and none were ſad;
But drank and fed, as if they had
been famiſht.
The Lady that began the fight,
They hug'd, and kiſt, to do her right;
And ſhe as pleaſed with delight,
was bonny.
What afterwards they to her did,
When ſtrangers that came in were ſlid,
Since it is fit it ſhould be hid,
pray Con ye.
Unto their Beds they all like friends,
Promis'd there ſhould be kind amends;
Each one unto his ſleep had ends
to ſhuffle.
Thus *Reader*, you have heard the things
That did befall; for News hath wings:
And ſo concludes the dreadful *Kings-*
Bench Scuffle.

THE Kings-Bench LITANY.

FRom Creditors when cruel grown;
From thoſe that cannot hold their own;
From little Souls that make their moan,
Libera nos Domine.

From Bayliffs, and their crafty ſcent;
From being in a Priſon pent;
From ſtaying till our Coyn is ſpent,
Libera nos Domine.

From running on the Cellars Score;
From calling, VVill you Truſt us more?
From anſwers, You're a Rogue or VVhore,
Libera nos Domine.

From thoſe that Juſtice have forſook;
From any Cellar-worms rebuke;
From Dining often with the Duke,
Libera nos Domine.

From

From thoſe that love to bounce, or thump;
From learning in the Hall to mump;
From paying Homage to the pump,
Libera nos Domine.

From Heathen Cooks that have no faith;
From Duns that move a Pris'ners wrath;
From him that payes, and nothing hath,
Libera nos Domine.

From guilt of any horrid fact;
From being Citizens that crackt;
From taking of the Ten-pound Act,
Libera nos Domine.

From fire (God bleſs us) in a Gun;
From Dungeons deep that ſee no Sun;
From thoſe that from their *Waiters* run,
Libera nos Domine.

From being overcome by Drink;
From lodging near a Bog-houſe ſtink;
From having ſtomacks, and no Chink,
Libera nos Domine.

From asking food, and be deny'd;
From being unto Goals ally'd;
From being turn'd to th' Common ſide,
Libera nos Domine.

From

From turning Day all into Night;
From those in rudeness do delight;
From being sent to th' *Lyon White*,
Libera nos Domine.
From Forreign and Domestick Jars;
From being cheated unawares;
From peeping thorough Iron Bars,
Libera nos Domine.
From Pris'ners that can swear and lye;
From being buried ere we dye;
From those that will not hear our cry,
Libera nos Domine.
From living in a lowsie Jayle;
From wanting Drink, or mild, or stale;
From empty Butts that have no Ale,
Libera nos Domine.
From those that will afford no aid;
From mouldy Scraps in Basket laid;
From making Pegs, that humble Trade,
Libera nos Domine.
From Cellar-Clowns that treat us ill;
From their great pride, and little skill;
From fools that let them have their will,
Libera nos Domine.

From

From groaning with dejected heart;
From those which weekly feed our smart;
From wishing they may want a Cart,
Libera nos Domine.
From those that seem'd our friends before;
From friends that will be friends no more;
From slaves that do their Gold adore,
Libera nos Domine.
From Vermine vulgarly call'd Lice;
From those that do delight in Vice;
From Gamesters turn our Bones to Dice,
Libera nos Domine.
From breaking when we may but bend;
From being sureties for our friend;
From Bonds or Bills are sharp at end,
Libera nos Domine.
From those that are for Ruine bent;
From being Dun'd for Chamber-Rent;
From frowns and threats when Cash is spent,
Libera nos Domine.
From lying in the middle Ward;
From Chambers that are lockt and bar'd;
From calling, and cannot be heard,
Libera nos Domine.

From

From chirping in a Neſt of Chips;
From wanting Beds to lodge our hips;
From thoſe whoſe *Staves* begin with *Tips*,
Libera nos Domine.
From thoſe that Harlots keep, or wed;
From wooden Blocks to reſt our head;
From all, or any Kings-Bench Bed,
Libera nos Domine.
From ratling Chains that make a noiſe;
From ſwearing, curſing, ranting Boyes;
From *Huffs*, that are indeed but Toyes,
Libera nos Domine.
From ſober Slaves, that ſit and whine;
From all dull hearts that do repine;
From thoſe that have not hearts like mine,
Libera nos Domine.

THE

The Legend

OF THE

Thrice-Honourable, Ancient, and Renowned Prince,

His Grace HUMPHREY,

Duke of St. *Pauls* Cathedral Walk, Surveyor of the Monuments and Tombs of *Westminster* and the *Temple*, Patron to the Perambulators in the *Piazza's* in *Covent-Garden*, Master of *Kings-Bench* Hall: And one of the *Colledges* Honourable Privy-Council.

AMong those Tales that Story doth repeat,
I find not one that doth of *Hunger* treat,
That may compare to ours His *Grace* the Duke:
Hath daily given to All a just Rebuke.
His Glories we in ancient Stories read,
How, and with whom his *Grace* was pleas'd to *feed*:
Not with Ambassadors, who came to view
Those Rarities they heard of, never knew;
Nor doth the Duke his Invitations send
To Princes, or to those that on them tend,
But payes his kindness to an *hungry maw*;
His Charity's his Reason, and his Law.

Shall any Mortal then, that knows a Verſe,
Withdraw his Pen, his bounty to rehearſe?
How many poor diſtreſſed Knights hath he
Freely reliev'd in their Neceſſity!
How open is his Table unto all,
To thoſe that come without, or with a call!
Nay, which is more, his *Genius* ſo is bent,
He'd ne'r admit one Penny ſhould be ſpent!
For to ſay truth, *Hunger* hath hundreds brought
To *Dine with him*, and all not worth a Groat.
Some with their Beads unto a Pillar crowd;
Some mutter forth, ſome ſay their Graces loud;
Some on Devotion came to feed their Muſe;
Some came to ſleep, or walk, or talk of News.
For though they came to *Dine*, they loathed Meat;
For many had almoſt forgot to eat.
My ſelf oft-times did at his Table ſit,
When neither I, nor others eat one bit.
But come they did, or elſe they'd been to blame;
To pay their Duty to the Duke, they came:
And of their viſits, ſince they came in love,
His Grace did daily thankfully approve.
Some came with jingling Spurs inſtead of Chink,
For that was melted on their Mornings drink;
And drink they muſt; I never yet knew one
Could quench his thirſt, with reading Doctor *Donne*:
Nor is it eaſie for a common eye
To draw the ſubſtance of an Elegy;
Nay ſome, though old, could ſooner eat a ſtaff,
Than ſuck the marrow of an Epitaph.
Some came with Rags ſcarce hid their Bodies o're;
Some with foul Cuffs, waſh't but three months before;

Some

Some as dull Lovers, in a ſilent mood,
Walk't as if melancholy was their food.
The Learned call them *Amoriſts*, a name
As none more frequent in the Book of Fame.
Thoſe Heroes that in upper Regions move,
Grew proud below, 'cauſe they could live to love;
And with aſpiring thoughts, ſtill ſoaring high,
They liv'd, and lov'd, and loving, liv'd, to dye.
Theſe *Amoriſts* of whom we now do talk,
Took great delight to trace our private Walk:
With folded Arms, and Hat below his brow,
He ſeems to count his gentle ſteps, or how
Much full of miſery he now is in,
Wiſhing he ne're had lov'd, or ne're had been;
Anon bethinks himſelf he did amiſs,
Behold this place *Diana's* Temple is:
All Profanation ſtraightway hence muſt flee,
Or that great Goddeſs won't propitious be;
Then to a corner, with a ſilent Air,
Addreſſes he to *Venus* makes in prayer.
There leave we him ſtudying a freſh Careſs,
Whilſt we preſs on into the crowd of Gueſs;
And ſuch a Crowd was never ſeen before,
To viſit Dukes, or to approach their dore. (ground;
Some came with Shooes, that fear'd to touch the
Some with half-hoſe, to ſhew their ſhins were ſound;
Some decay'd Scholars, with their loyns begirt;
Some with half-ſleeves (poor Souls) but ne're a ſhirt;
Some ſo attended in their wretched ſtate,
Thouſands did hourly round about them wait;
That men might ſee, although but ſingle-ey'd,
Like perſons great they were well fortify'd.

And well obſerv'd it was, by men of skill,
Their Births were high, on Mountain, or on Hill.
Some even ere their *Dinner* had an end,
Would boldly dare to kill their *boſome-friend:*
And in that act, this was their uſual cry,
So let Blood-ſuckers, and Back-biters dye. (Lawn;
Some came with Cloaks, though thredbare as their
Some came without; for why? they were at pawn;
Some though they knew their Pockets had no ſtock,
Could talk, look big, and make their Beavers cock.
And well they might, for as in Bed they lay,
The Rats had almoſt eat the brims away;
For they were ſo well oy'ld with ſtore of fat,
For Roaſt-meat they might paſs with Mouſe or Rat.
Yet though the brims were ſwallow'd by the ſwarm,
They left the Crowns to keep their Noddles warm;
As if the Vermine modeſtly ſhould ſay,
We know your births, though fallen to decay:
And did demonſtrate by their knowing Art,
Of Hats, for warmth, Crowns was the chiefeſt part.
Some Pedagogues to ſet their Learning forth,
Diſcourſe in Latin, of *his Graces* worth;
They that could underſtand that tongue might ſpeak,
But all abhorr'd the hideous noiſe of Greek.
Perhaps among the Crowd a Sword was ſeen,
But ruſty grown, in *Holland* it had been:
And he that wore it, walk't with ſuch a grace,
As who ſhould ſay, My ſteps ſhall ſpeak my race.
A waggiſh Boy not yet diſcreetly grown,
To underſtand the Virtues of the Town,
Walk't by, but kept at diſtance, as afear'd,
Still looking back, and as he look't, he ſnear'd.

Captain,

Captain, quoth he: The Captain turns about;
Whoop Captain, quoth the Boy, and ſo runs out.
The Captain he purſues, as mov'd in wrath,
Makes ſtrong attempts to draw his Weapon forth,
But all in vain; at which the Captain curs't,
Whilſt ſtanders by, with laughing almoſt burſt.
For as it afterwards appear'd, his Blade
Had cut its way through *Europe* ſince 'twas made;
And 'cauſe for many years it did not peep,
The Captain will'd it might in Scabbard ſleep.
Nor was the Captains courage then aduſt,
For it ſo deeply was begnawn with ruſt,
That it defy'd the rules of Martial Law,
And dar'd the Captain, if he durſt, to draw.
The angry Captain cryes, *I could be mad,*
Thus to be ty'd to what I never had.
Juſt then a zealous Student paſſing by,
Looking as kick't from th' *Univerſity*,
He gave his grave advice, with whites ſo ey'd,
As *Nonconformiſt* much *Presbytrify'd*.
The Captain by his frowns appear'd as vex't,
Which put the Parſon quite beſide his Text.
The Gueſts being met, and all prepar'd to eat,
What next ſhould come, but what they want, their meat?
Much buſsling then appear'd, a general ſtrife
There was, contending where to whet a Knife.
The Parſon *holding forth*, ſaid, *'Twas forbid*
In Holy Writ, his Talent ſhould be hid.
Quoth he, *We meet in Cluſters here to Dine,*
But faſting helps a man to be Divine.
When pious Cogitations do decay,
'Tis high time then to faſt (not feaſt) and pray.

In

In former Ages ſince the World began,
He that could faſt, was held an holy man:
But he that doth delight to feaſt, when in,
He gluts himſelf with meat, and drink, and ſin.
The poor man faſts, becauſe he has no meat;
The ſick man faſts, becauſe he cannot eat;
The Uſurer faſteth, to encreaſe his ſtore;
The Glutton faſts, 'cauſe he can eat no more;
The Tradeſman faſts, his Landlord to enrich;
The Gallant faſts, to cure venereal Itch;
The Lawyer faſts, to gain his Clients cauſe;
Divines do faſt, to ſtudy for Applauſe;
Phyſitians faſt, becauſe 'tis for their health;
The Beggar faſts, but when he eats by ſtealth;
The Hypocrites do faſt, to be commended;
The Saints do faſt, becauſe they have offended.
And Brethren, *ſince we know we all are ſinners,*
Now we're here met, let Faſting *be our* Dinners.
The *hungry* Captain liſtned, then cryd, *Sup-*
Poſe we all now ſhould eat the Parſon up;
He prates of Faſting; *by my Coat of Buff,*
I de eat, for I have faſted long enough.
Let thoſe of this your Doctrine have a taſte,
That daily feaſt, *while we are forc't to* faſt;
And faſt we do, till like poor half-ſtarv'd Elves,
We ready are almoſt to eat our ſelves.
Long may the Parſon *on the Subject treat*
Of faſting, *but however give us* meat.
Each ſhrugs his ſhoulders, walks from place to place,
Nor could they ſcarce forbear to blame *his Grace:*
But ſome whoſe judgments deeper far could look,
Would only ſtamp, and frown, and curſe the Cook;

And

And juſtly too: for when they all did think
To be well-cram'd with ſtore of meat and drink,
The gen'rous DUKE appear'd, and ſpeaking fair,
Quoth he, *My Friends, fall to, a Diſh of Air*
Is all that now our Kitchin can afford;
When next you pleaſe to ſee us, and our Board,
Te ſhall have Carps, Crabs, Pouts, and ſtore of Rail,
Varieties of Fiſh, at leaſt a Tail.
Expect no Sawce, we'll promiſe no ſuch thing,
Becauſe we know ye all do Stomacks bring.
Much diſcontent ſate on each others brow,
Their food was thin; however none knew how
To ſhew their ill reſentments, but as men
Well-pacifi'd, agreed to come agen.
But ere that happy day was fully grown,
A dreadful Fire conſumes the Kitchin down:
Which Fire began not in *his Graces* houſe,
But thither came, and Burnt both Rat and Mouſe.
On which the DUKE, to ſhun a ſcorching doom,
Perambulated to *Ben Johnſon's* Tomb,
Where *Shakeſpear, Spencer, Cambden,* and the reſt,
Once riſing Suns, are now ſet in the Weſt;
But ſtill their luſtres do ſo brightly ſhine,
That they invite our Worthies there to Dine,
Where their moiſt Marbles ſeem for grief to weep,
That they, but ſtone, ſhould Sacred Reliques keep:
And ſome have fancied that they've heard them ſing,
Within this place is Aganippe's *Spring.*
There our ingenious Train have thought it fit
To change their Dyet, and to Dine on Wit.
Firſt with a free conſent they all combine
To pay their viſits unto *Cataline,*

By

By whom a Damſel, ſtyl'd the *Silent Woman*,
Stands in her rich Attire, the like by no man
Was ever yet beheld; and 'tis her due
To ſtand near him, being *fair*, and *ſilent* too:
For if ſome Ladies ſtood but in her ſtead,
Their Clappers would go nigh to wake the dead.
Hard by this famous Dame, with well-grown Locks,
Behold an ancient well-experienc't *Fox*,
Plac't as a grave adviſer, who with care
Cryes out, *O rare* Ben Johnſon *lieth there.*
Next day *his Grace*, and all his Gueſts ſo trim,
Do *Shakeſpear* find, and then they feaſt on him.
For two ſuch Diſhes at one ſingle meal,
Would like two Thieves into the Senſes ſteal;
And ſuch a Surfeit cauſe, that by their pain,
They'd judg't unſafe to feed on Wit again.
Our DUKE by this time ſpies a *Fairy Queen*,
And as a man ſurpriz'd with Fits o'th' Spleen,
Such ſtrange infuſions did his paſſions move,
That he muſt live to dote, or dye in love.
Her to behold, is to be blind, or frantick;
To ſpeak her Fame, would ſeem as if Romantick.
Her eyes ſhoot Darts, which at the heart you'd feel,
Who like *Achilles* Lance, both hurt and heal.
By which the world may judge his *Grace* had skill
In beauties, finding out thoſe eyes that kill,
The great *Apelles* was for Painting rare,
Yet never drew a beauty half ſo fair.
Art may contrive a curious *Golden Fleece*,
But this *Fair Queen* is Natures Maſter-piece.
If beauties may be made with painting ore,
What may Art make of what was fair before?

Have

Have you not in the morning firſt of *May*,
Obſerv'd the Countrey-Laſſes freſh and gay;
Or a fair Shepherdeſs with Garlands crown'd,
With other Nymphs to dance the Maypole round?
As *Phillis*, *Amarillis* bright, and *Chloris*,
Excelling beauties; and there many more is:
Or have you heard of the *Arcadian* Dame,
The fair *Parthenia*, whoſe immortal Fame
'Bove all that we have nam'd, may bear the ſway?
But this our Queen is Lady of the *May*.
To gain acquaintance with this Lady bright,
He thinks it meet ſome Doxies to invite.
Next day came tripping in a light-heel'd Girl,
Adorn'd with Ribbons, Paints, and Baſtard-pearl.
We need not ſpeak of either feet or legs,
Her face ſeem'd 'nointed with the yolk of Eggs.
Slily into the Company ſhe ſlid,
A colour having got for what ſhe did.
Some blam'd her, ſaying, *Sinners us'd to paint*;
Others reply, *But ſhe's a ſeeming Saint.*
Nor was there want of Pocket-pickers there,
Nor Lifters of the careful Tradeſmans Ware.
Old *Chaucer*, who though ſickly, full of ails,
From hence collects a Book as full of Tales.
His Neighbour *Drayton*, who was his *Amoris*,
Studying to write *Encomiums* on *Authoris*.
The Learned *Cambden's* Gravity appear'd,
At which they ſtarting, ſeem'd as if they fear'd.
One that was grown more crafty than the reſt,
Beclouds their fear with this invented Jeſt;
Hither we come, and in the end perhaps
Our entertainment ſhall be nought but ſcraps:

Then let us take a taſte of theſe Remains,
And ſo depart; the DUKE *a ſlighting feigns.*
Mean time *his Grace*, whoſe paſſion ſtill grew high
With pangs of penſiveneſs, was ſtanding by;
Muſing, not minding either Gueſts, or Meat,
His buſie-brain allow'd no time to eat:
With ſtarv'ling Body, and with ghaſtly look,
He ſeem'd more like a *Devil*, than a DUKE.
His Eyes grew gogled, Cheeks were pale and wan;
Sometimes he ſighs, anon doth curſe and ban.
Preſently afterwards is heard to cry,
Oh that I had not lov'd, or now could dye!
Finding no anſwer to each kind addreſs,
And that ſhe would not love for love expreſs;
He with himſelf reſolves when ſtronger grown,
To move from thence with thoughts to ſee the Town.
Then to the *Gatehouſe* went, as neareſt to him,
Where he no ſooner came, but divers knew him.
A Flock of Wretches do *his Grace* environ,
All lin'd with Vermine, ſome with Chains of Iron.
After ſome mutual Complements were paſt,
His Grace to *Covent-garden* maketh haſte;
For ſome there were that for *his Grace* had ſtaid,
And till he came, at Poſt and Pillar plaid:
And that I briefly may their worth expreſs,
Theſe the gentileſt were of all his Gueſts;
Only a faculty they had to curſe,
To Raut, and Huff, like Gyants; Nay, what's worſe,
They'd Ramble all the Night, and Windows break,
Then in a Crowd to the *Piazza's* ſneak.
Some Whore away their Coyn, and then with grief
They humbly come, and beg the DUKES relief;

And

And ſwear *God-dam-'em* they *his Grace* will ſerve,
And for his ſake they'll even dare to ſtarve.
The DUKE return'd his thanks you well may think,
But would however ſtay with none to drink.
Then to the *Temple*, *Lincolns-Inne*, and *Grayes*,
He walks, but yet at none of either ſtayes:
For his reſolves were now for *Newgate* bent,
Where ſome of his acquaintance faſt were pent.
Firſt to the *Maſter-ſide* without delay,
His Grace thought fit he ſhould his Viſit pay;
Having with buſie eye the Rooms ſurvey'd,
He call'd the Nurſe, one that was once a Maid:
And having ſhewn her where the Cobwebs hung,
He chid her, and in wrath away he flung;
Shook hands with ſome whom he of old had knew,
And only cry'd, *We're glad you're well, adieu.*
Some that ne'r knew him, might perhaps ſuppoſe
Him noble by his Title, and his Cloaths;
Both were grown ancient, and could juſtly vye
With any Dukedom for Antiquity.
But thoſe that did expect they ſhould behold
Some gallant Complements in yellow gold,
Were much miſtaken; for the DUKE ne'r went
To viſit any one with ſuch intent:
For he ne'r lov'd to ſuffer Caſh ſo near him,
For which ſome Wags behind his back would jeer (him.
Now to the *Felons* Jayle he bends his march,
Where being come, one that was chiefly arch
Accoſted him in complemental ſtrain;
Whereat the DUKE forthwith vouchſaft to deign
An anſwer; what it was I've quite forgot,
But as I gueſs, 'twas either ſenſe, or not.

For divers Friends he ask't, but heard no more,
But only they were Hang'd a while before:
But one whose skill was far above the reſt,
Approach't the DUKE, and thus himſelf expreſt.
Great DUKE, although your ancient Gueſts are fled
From hence, their Craft doth live when they are dead:
For know, this Leſſon one hath left behind,
Hear it, and judge, as you the truth ſhall find.
Cheats are the maintenance of ſmall and great;
A Priſon, like the World, is but a Cheat;
The Merchant-man the Cheat by Whole-ſale playes;
The Shop-man cheats in ev'ry word he ſayes;
The Victualler cheats in Reck'nings, and in Froth;
The Clothier, and the Draper, cheat in Cloth;
And when they do ſo, boldly will retort;
The Taylor cheats, and pleads a Cuſtom fort:
If a young Heir ſhall run upon his ſcore,
When once he payes, he payes the worth twice ore.
The Stationer cheats both Lawyers and Divines;
The Vintner cheats with brewing of his Wines;
The Husbandman, and he a man would think
Hath ſcarcely Brains enough to covet Chink,
He ſells his Corn, and if the mould it lack,
He knows to cheat by virtue of his Sack.
The Handicraftſman, true, he taketh pains,
But he will cheat, rather than miſs his gains;
The Prieſt will preach one Sermon oft-times ore;
The Lawyer cheats as faſt as all before;
Phyſitians too, the cheating Art have found
In falſe Applies: and ſo the Cheat goes round.
In ſhort, the Countrey doth the City cheat,
'Twould be too tedious to deſcribe the feat;

The City too as briskly cheats the Court;
Thus all are Cheats, oh here's brave cheating ſport!
Cheat thou for me, cryes one, I'll cheat for thee;
Thus do the Cheaters lovingly agree:
The only way for any to be great,
Or get preferment, is to be a Cheat.
The honeſt man that loves not worldly pelf,
Rather than break the number, cheats himſelf.
The Jaylors cheat, by taking unjuſt Fees;
The Priſ'ner too, he cheats as faſt as theſe;
The Creditor, whoſe malice is grown great,
Seizes on all, and doth the Priſ'ner cheat;
Oh deſp'rate Fates, what hazards do we run,
We muſt be naught, or, to be juſt, undone!
The DUKE with ſilence heard, and patient ſtood,
Then took his leave, to viſit old King *Lud*;
Who having ſeen, he unto *Bridewel* goes,
Then to the *Counters*, where are ſome that knows
What ſplendid Table 'twas *his Grace* did keep;
For they went thither not to eat, but ſleep.
The *Fleet* he likewiſe call'd upon, but there
Were few that knew the DUKE, each one did ſtare
Upon *his Grace*, and Cenſures paſt aloud;
For they indeed are generally proud,
And ſo abound with Friends, and ſtore of Coyn,
They'll chooſe to purchaſe, rather than purloyn,
Or with an empty Pocket to intrude
Into the number of a multitude.
For they like Fiſhers with a ſilver hook,
Caught food enough to entertain the DUKE.
From hence *his Grace* to *Southwark* bends his courſe,
And to the *Marſhalſey* with eager force

He

He haſtes, and enters; whence I do divine,
There's many with the DUKE were wont to Dine.
Complements flew like Hail-ſtones round about,
As if the DUKE when in, would ne're get out:
Forty and odd a Circle round him lay,
That to get looſe, 'twas hard to find the way.
Beſides, I've read it in ſome Book or Song,
That each of theſe were Twenty-thouſand ſtrong;
And I that on his *Grace* did daily watch,
Obſerv'd the DUKE did in his boſom ſcratch,
Sometimes in's Codpiece; but I muſt forbear
To be too buſie with his private Ware.
But I can this with modeſty aſſure,
To ſcratch, or itch, the DUKE could ne're indure;
And whether in that Crowd he Vermin got,
Or Crab-lice had before, I know it not:
Much honour for the DUKE they joyntly own,
Talk freely with him, as if wealthy grown.
However, though they are with plenty fill'd,
Alms-houſes they have all forſworn to build.
The DUKE his grave Advice beſtows on all,
Bids them be merry, though they are in thrall;
For he himſelf by his experience finds,
Deſpair's the iſſue of ignoble minds.
Thus having ſaid, with eyes about him caſt,
Quoth he, *Well Sirs, old Friends muſt part at laſt;*
And Madam Wiat *at the* Kings-Bench *ſtayes*
Until I come: beſides, I've divers wayes
How to expend my time, and paſs my hours;
Wherefore adieu, I was, and ſtill am yours.
Thus having ſpoke, the DUKE with nimble wings
Takes flight from thence, unto the *Bench* of *Kings:*

Where

Where having greaz'd the Key, found way to come
Into his Parlour, call'd the *Mumpers* Room,
Where he inquiry made how things did ſtand;
And as it hapned, there was one at hand
Was ſo indu'd with Art, with Skill, and Worth,
To ſatisfie the DUKE in ſetting forth
Th' affairs of all the Houſe, and C's the man,
Who having made obeyſance, thus began:
Theſe Iron Bars a Lecture preach to me,
That there's no Jewel like true Liberty;
For here to be confin'd in ſuch a Cage,
Brings blooming Youth to an untimely Age.
Behold thoſe high-flown Gallants, who of late
Came hither, and their Creditors and Fate
Did both deſie, how now they droop and ſink,
Having in Bub and Smoke conſum'd their Chink.
Ungrateful ſlaves, that did profeſs us love,
Now we are in the Grates like Mountains move.
Thoſe that from Cellar unto Cellar jump,
Muſt at the laſt do homage to the Pump;
That Chriſtian Pump, that ſeems to ſigh and moan,
As being conſcious of a Priſoners groan.
The Cook-room which ſo oft they did frequent,
They muſt but ſmell to, when their money's ſpent.
Their Cittadels now on the Maſter-ſide,
Wherein they are with Thouſands fortify'd,
They muſt retreat from, quickly as the Summons
(Having no money) calls them to the Commons,
Where they muſt beat their brains, & cramp their legs,
In the low livelihood of making Pegs;
Where I leave all thoſe wretched Souls to be
Slaves, till Death payes their Debts, and ſets them free.

The

The DUKE with grave attention lent his Ear,
Seeming to grieve for what he then did hear;
Told all about him, *That whilſt he was able,*
He'd make them daily welcome to his Table.
What did more over-paſs, I don't well know,
For I got looſe, and they cry'd, *Let him go:*
But any perſon that hath time to ſpare,
And fain would ſee the DUKE, may find him there:
Where that they might the Great DUKES mirth prolong,
They entertain him with---

The PRISONERS Song.

COme, let us rejoyce, and our Creditors whine;
That Priſ'ner's faint-hearted that once doth repine,
Whil'ſt Ale's in the Houſe, or there's Juyce in the Vine.
Then let's not deſpair for a foregoing Fact
Of running in Debt, for we'll pay by the Act.
Though Fools may imagine our griefs are emergent,
A fart for our Foes, and the Pox take a Serjeant.

Call to the Tapſter for buſhels of Liquor,
He's a dull Raſcal for coming no quicker;
Not ſorrow, but drought 'tis, that makes us the ſicker:
And when we have drank up the maſs of his main,
We'll ſtay for recruits, and then drink on again:
Though Fools may imagine, &c.

The Priſoners Song.

Is any one Member among us oppreſt?
Then make his heart float like a Cork in his breaſt:
Here's no fear of Bayliffs, nor of their Arreſt;
Such Vermin that formerly us'd to torment us,
Had rather be hanged, than now to frequent us.
Though Fools may imagine our griefs are emergent,
A fart for our Foes, and the Pox take a Serjeant.

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